Ile winne our ancient right in *France* againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short summers likely haue a forward spring.
Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*.
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept this Title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty,
Glo. How fares our cousen noble Lord of *Yorke*?
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vncle; O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The Prince my brother hath ouer growne me farre.
Glo. Hee hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger little cousen, withall my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my cousen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the Sword to it.
Glo. I gentle cousen were it light enough.
Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord.
Yor. I would that I might thinke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yorke*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

Becauſe that I am little like an A
He thinkes that you ſhould bea
Buc. With what a ſharpe prou
To mitigate the ſcorne he giues
He pretely and aptly taunts him
So cunning and ſo young is won
Glo. My Lo. wilt pleaſe you pa
My ſelfe and my good couſin B
Will to your mother, to intreat
To meet you at the Tower, and
Yor. What will you go vnto the
Prin. My Lord protector will h
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet
Glo. Why what ſhould you f
Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence*
My granam told me, he was mu
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I
But come my Lord, with a hea
Thinking on them, goe I vnto t
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. D
Buc. Thinke you my L. this lit
Was not incenced by his ſubtil
To taunt and ſcorne you thus
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forwar
He is all the mothers from the
Buc. Well let them reſt: co
Thou art ſworn as deeply to ef
As cloſely to conceale what w
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrg
What thinkeſt thou, is it not a
To make *William L. Hastings*
For the inſtalment of this no
In the ſeate royall of this fa
Cat. He for his fathers ſake
That he will not be wonne to
Buc. What thinkeſt thou th

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